

Party Fears 18³/₄

Late 1993

[Written as one side of a one-sheet with Louise Dickinson from Lemon; she never wrote her side, it never came out. I have the layout here somewhere.]

Hi. This is not another ‘excuse’ issue of Party Fears; hell no — this is one mother of a *Collaborative Effort Jam-Zine* from the unquestionable aesthetic soundness and moral value engine of the Glebe-Northbridge Axis Forces, by and for people in a cranky mood. Trust us — we *know* what we’re doing.

(Each side of this sheet was written independently; no editor accepts responsibility for anything out of any other. *Don't bother saying a word.*)

Next PF is an indefinite length of time away and I’m still busy with every other thing (down from seven to five at last count) in my life. If that isn’t enough for you, get a life yourself. Anyone who lives only through zines deserves everything they get.

1993 ... did I say something about ’93 looking goddamn wild? ... Perth is finally getting bands through not under the long shadows of the Triffids *or* Stems (“*That’s excellent news*” — D. Mariani) *and* who are bloody good. Names springing to mind: **Baked, Mustang!, O!** ... many others in rehearsal as I write. (The pop bands are doing great too, must note.) Go out and see a band some time. Organise your car-pooling. I know it’s hard to hide from the shit bands at the Cave or Harbourside, but the Grosvenor has a beer garden *and* Fenian’s on the next corner.

This side written by *David Gerard, PO Box 89, Northbridge 6865, Australia; phone (09) 328 6587.* (Home on rare occasions.) Subscriptions (for the patient) are \$6 for four (full-sized) issues. Subscribers receive all between-PF oddities such as this free because I love them so much, particularly their tolerance. PF#19’s shaping up to be a doozy and one day I’ll have time to finish it. There’s more to life than popular culture, y’know. Cartoons appropriated from various sources. Photocopying stolen from assorted gov’t departments around the nation. (That’s what “*free*” press means.) **Dedication** this time to Pumpkin the cat, *requiescat in pace*. Motorbike couriers going down Cowle Street should watch out for the electrified wire across the road. (Revenge!) Pumpkin was a Very Good Cat and we all miss him dreadfully.

Back Issues: There are two packs of back issues: 5/7/9–11 and 11½/13–17/18½. Each is **A\$4** Aust or **A\$7** overseas surface, payable to David Gerard. Each of these is more or less a 500g package. Go for it.

Perth News: “You’ll never take me alive!” shouted **Mark J. Smith** from the turret high above the Ruggero mansion in far outer Karrinyup as the **Kitty Magic** demo was beamed at him to force him down. Mark’s defiant vow proved accurate; what is left of him now works at MDS and makes more money’n you ’n’ me put together.

Current PF Top Ten

1. **Gun Club** — “Brother And Sister” (off *Miami* LP, 1982)

2. Er, that’s it.

#56. It was springtime in Perth. Do you seriously expect me to zine when it’s springtime? Get a life!

Springtime is the only time Perth ever makes sense. No-one ever bitches about Perth in springtime ... not if they know anything they’re on about. These three months from September first onwards (tho’ we got it

about ten days early this year — I was looking out for it) are proof that Heaven is a city of just over a million people hanging off the western edge of the world.

In Perth in springtime, everyone smiles. People have a good time in nightclubs. You drink a bit less to dance till four. You start thinking in terms of all-nighters again. People get *laid* in springtime, dammit.

Everything that confuses and upsets people the other nine months of the year makes sense in spring:

- Sitting on the floor at gigs and politely applauding at the end of each song. *This happens nowhere else.*
- Perth pop music, particularly the (post-post-) Triffids factor.
- Perth dress styles. (I mean what people here wear year in, year out. You know the stuff. Ask Viv.)
- A bright, joyous, bubbly Perth fascination with English culture. (Not the vicious and malignant one of summer, the tired one of autumn or the despairing one of winter.)
- A slightly increased willingness to talk to people you don't know.
- Everyone going off with everyone else. Other people being too polite to mention it. (By summer they start mentioning it.)
- Hearing 'cello noises in your head.

Springtime in Perth is the season of the gods. We need the other pooey nine months to give us these three. It's like we're on holiday in Heaven for three months. (That's why the other nine feel like living in a tourist resort during off-season. In case you ever wondered.)

I mean, just shut your eyes right now and calmly take in the vibe around you ... It's springtime in Perth. *Everything* is possible.

We at PF have started drinking again. Cut back on smoking, though; and only Lucky Strikes or Dr. Pat when we do. Favoured brew is Carlton Draught, *the* one to save up for yourself as a reward. Friday nights are back to coffee, codeine, Sudafed, alcohol and nicotine, more or less in that order. Go on: feel like a zine editor *today*.

(loser, loser. *Springtime drug of choice is life itself.* Never forget this.)

Radio: *The Sound Factory*, RTR Saturday 4–6pm. The sort of show *Revelations* readers would listen to if they could work radios. Wank factor 85-95%. A few good attempts at getting RTR's licence pulled: clearly broadcasting “fuck” twice thirteen minutes into first show, presumably to show how radical they are. Whence these turkeys? Did I subscribe for *this*? Write a subscriber's letter on the subject ... watch it disappear down a black hole ... or have Dave Murphy hassle anyone at station he thinks may know you. Make that Dave Beria. *Critic equals subversive equals traitor. Gi's one hundred bucks. Cough up. Now shut up.* Didn't we go through all this with the technos? (Second week: future ints with Kim Wilde and Iva Davies. On bloody RTR! Fuck me!)

Books: yeah, yeah, we've all gotten into Douglas Coupland too. Whatever you do, get the first one (*Generation X*) before the second one (*Shampoo Planet*) even tho' the second is presently a lot easier to find. Neither makes it as 'literature' and both will be unreadable in thirty years, but, for *right now*, almost every PF reader will find *Generation X* to be *horribly reminiscent* of their own lives ... *Shampoo Planet* a nice cherry on top. And again, despite their defects, I keep noticing how *way* too much of my life keeps feeling like scenes from a Coupland novel. It's scary.

BAKED — *Club Original*, first show. Well, it just had to be said — walked into band room after set and introduced myself: “*Good evening. I'm from the David Geffen Company. I'd like to talk to you boys about a deal. Bend over please.*” A class band from their first breath and persistence will gain every reward for them. Best goddamn debut of '93.

MARDI PICASSO — *House of Wax and Railway Hotel*. Great sound or gross, Mardi go from A to Z in the blink of an eye (the Meltzerian test of rock'n'roll acuity). Quiet and melodic songs freed from the constraints that rock'n'roll ego within the fixed band format places; that is to say, songs as primary with instrumentation suiting. Mega-int in PF#19, where I'll also tell you about the publican at the Railway.

Recordings: Mustang! cassette (forthcoming CD on Survival) and second **Mardi Picasso**, *Waffle*. "Cute Gang" is the Mustang! you keep hearing on RTR Breakfast. We also recommend the **Lung** CD from NZ (Aust. through Siren) — crunchin' noise-'industrial' (hahar, a clever disguise Dr. Frankenstein, but you *rock* at heart) that kicks butt. Apart from that, we're still basically filling the back-catalogue holes in our collections with five- to fifteen-year-old vinyl. New music sucks and all good rock'n'roll has already been done.

#60. I was quoted so extensively in the last *Harvey* that putting out a zine myself would only have led to overexposure. I know doing a zine is piss-easy these days ... see quick recipe last half-issue, but don't neglect the final ingredient: SOMETHING TO SAY. This means YOU, *Tea & Sympathy*. Nothing but reviews of old albums is a fine idea, but not when you know zilch. You gotta work the city beat before you start on the opinion-editorial. Loser. *Loser. Flexible Head* ain't brilliantly written, but it doesn't have to be 'cos it's got enthusiasm and something to (ahem) *cover*. As well as growin' some depth, *The Harvey* could reclaim the early '80s for us all. *R'n'R Divorce* can run the Big Day Out review every issue far as I'm concerned. *Party Fears* #18³/₄ has tease value.

Dedication: Quite apart from cats ... this one is *really* not for anyone except Lou. Let's be serious here.

Next PF: Pop stars *fully clothed!*

Q. Indie rock musicians — light bulb?

A. Twenty-seven: one to change it, twenty-six to shout "*That should be me up there!*"

(*alt.:* ... twenty-six to reinterpret it.)

[[Party Fears](#)]